8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

at the tribal sun dance encampment. They selected a leader, who presented a pipe to the leader of the society. Each of the other youths gave pipes to other members of the society. If the pipes were accepted, the petitioners were expected to make other gifts of horses and valuable goods to those who relinquished their society membership to them and who taught them the ceremonial procedures of the organization. It was usual for societies to sell out to a group of younger men every four years.

There were seven of these age-graded men's societies among the Blackfeet in 1833. The youngest group was then the Mosquitos, the oldest the Buffalo Bulls. Two decades later the Bulls Society among the Piegans had become inactive on account of the death of many of its older members, but a new society, the Pigeons, or Doves, had been added to the bottom of the series.[10]

Because members of these societies belonged to different hunting bands, they were only active during the summer season when the tribal camp was organized. At that time the head chief called upon one or two of the societies, usually the younger of the mature groups, to police the camp and the tribal hunt. In the sun dance camp each society performed its peculiar ceremony. Collectively, the men's societies were known as the All-Comrades.[11]

There was another and even closer relationship between boys of the same band, that of partners. Two boys of about the same age became close companions. They played together as children, helped each other in courting girls, went to war together, and offered advice and assistance to each other whenever it might be needed. If a young man was wounded in battle, his partner risked his life to carry him to safety and stayed behind the rest of the war party until the disabled man was able to be helped home. In many instances this close friendship and mutual assistance between partners continued through the rest of their lives.

[10] Maximilian, *Travels*, II, 112–17.

[11] Clark Wissler, "Societies and Dance Associations of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History *Anthropological Papers*, Vol. XI, Part 4, 361–450. Includes detailed description of specialized paraphernalia and ceremonies of each society.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

feathers. The figure of a horse was incised on the brass ornament. Before going into an enemy camp to capture horses, Running Wolf sprinkled water on his necklace. "In a short time clouds would gather and cover the moon, making it easier to take horses from the enemy without being seen."

The horse-raiding party was led by an experienced man whose war record and good judgment inspired confidence in his ability to lead a group of men to an enemy camp, capture a goodly number of horses, and return home without losing any member of his party. The leader (or partisan, as the fur traders often referred to him) might invite others to join him on a raid, or several young men might come to him and ask him to be their leader. No one was compelled to go on these raids. All participants were volunteers. Although the leader might be a mature man in his thirties (rarely more than forty years of age), most of his followers were young men in their late teens or early twenties. Often two young men who were close friends joined a war party together. As partners they would look after one another in the field.

Spring and summer were favorite seasons for horse raids. Rarely did the Blackfeet try to raid the tribes west of the Rockies in winter, when deep snows clogged the familiar mountain passes. However, some raiders preferred to take horses from neighboring plains tribes in winter because their enemies were less vigilant in winter and falling snow would quickly obliterate the tracks of captured horses, making it impossible for their enemies to follow them after they started for home.

Before setting out on a raid, the party was supposed to obtain permission of the band chief, who was thus informed of their destination and objective. They would not do it, however, if they believed he might object to their venture. On the evening before departure the prospective raiders walked around camp drumming on a piece of buffalo rawhide and singing their wolf (war) songs. Their friends and relatives gave them food and extra moccasins to take on their journey. Other young men, upon hearing their drumming, might ask to join the party. The leader

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

children of the poor. At birth, the son of a rich man was placed upon an otter or a weasel skin. The poor man's child had to be content with a buckskin bag. Pointed Plume was initiated to many ceremonial objects for which large and handsome payments were made. The list is impressive: forelock of the Long-Time Pipe; weasel-tail suit, a partnership in the Horn Society when he was only fourteen years old, and many ceremonial paintings to insure long life and prosperity. He was rarely permitted to leave his home and was never entrusted to any white school.

Ned Sloane, the son of a white father and an Indian mother who died when he was born, could boast of no such honorings. Deserted by his one remaining parent, the boy spent his childhood in the care of his Indian grandmother, visiting from relative to relative. "All of them treated me like a son," he said, but none gave him any substantial gift—not even his famous uncle Long Tail-feathers, owner of many powers, though Ned and his grandmother shared his home for years. At the tender age of seven, the youngster was sent to the Dunbow Industrial School, more than a hundred miles from the reserve. In the eleven years he "studied" there, he had four visitors.

Each member of a men's society hailed his fellow-member as *taka*, a term of friendship that frequently implied a greater degree of affection and loyalty than was lavished upon a close relative. Even after the buffalo had disappeared and the hunt was a thing of the past, these societies persisted; they still remain a great force for solidarity among the Blood. But within their membership social differences are clearly recognised. It was the rich men's sons who became the leaders because they could buy the more expensive bundles.[46]

Long before they were eligible for membership in such organizations, young children were well aware of age differences. Very consciously, they sought their playmates within a limited group. But even within this group, the children of the rich formed an inner clique which set them off as a snobbish elite and at the same time protected them from the envious assaults of their less fortunate comrades; not unexpectedly they chose their *taka* or special friend from their own social stratum. Pointed Plume says,

I had a number of boy playmates. They were *minípoka* like me. Buffalo Horn was my special comrade, but Wolf Tail and Painted Arrow were also close friends.

Buffalo Horn, like me, was a *minípoka* and the only boy in the family. It was much easier to play with another *minípoka*, for when we were teased by the gang, I and Buffalo Horn could stick together. Also my family felt that Buffalo Horn was a fit companion for me. He came of a wealthy family and was a favorite son.

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[46] Maximilian, *Travels in the Interior of North America*, p. 256, for the buffalo period.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Men's Societies

575 182 [625] [561] [689] [684] [571] In the buffalo period, these age-graded organizations were the chief agents of tribal discipline.[156] They maintained order in the camp and on the march; they policed the communal hunts; they destroyed the tipi of anyone who pursued the game before the word was given; they publicly ravaged and, at times, killed the unfaithful wife or promiscuous sister of a fellow-member if he so requested. And probably as a corollary to these significant functions, the men's organizations, within their respective age-grades, developed a solidarity that was in striking contrast to the general brittleness of Blood relationships.

572 608 [178] [836] [601] One tie in Blood society is sacred—the tie between a man and his *taka*, his special friend. The choice of a boon companion is made in childhood; it is upheld throughout life. It is determined by age, by propinquity, and social position. In the past, *taka* shared the trials of hunt and war and a woman's favors before marriage. Today of necessity the last alone remains a test of friendship, but *taka* still use each other's kinship terms: the mother of one becomes the mother of the other, the sister of one, the sister of the other, and they assume the responsibilities implied in these and similar relationships.

575 572 561 Within the men's societies, alternate grades know each other as "fighters," but those who are members at the same time call each other *taka*. The term bespeaks the mutual loyalty expected of them. As a group they buy into a society; as a group they sell out. Wissler writes, "this companionship feature seems one of the fundamental conceptions in the Blackfoot scheme."[157]

575 182 178 [561] [796] But while the members or *taka* preserve a solid front within their age-grade, the societies themselves retain little of their former importance. There are no more communal hunts; there are no more protected marches. Only at the Sun Dance, when the bands gather to raise the sun pole and make their transfers do the societies operate as of old. For the rest, they function as social and ceremonial entities, interested primarily in feasting and exchange.

575 [162] In 1939, a sampling of 305 adult males (practically the entire adult male population) showed that, at some time, 205 had been members of the Pigeons, 189 of the Brave Dogs, 68 of the Braves, 23 of the Black Seizers, 25 of the Crow Carriers, 4 of the Crazy Dogs, 130 of the Horns, 1 of the

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[156] For a full discussion of these societies, see Wissler, *Blackfoot Societies*, pp. 365–460; for age grades and police power, pp. 365–70; for general pattern, p. 424 ff.
[157] *Ibid.*, p. 428.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

175 another."[187] More leniency was shown to the partner in sin. Maximilian
684 continues, "Often he avenges himself on the paramour, takes away his horse or other valuable property, to which he must submit quietly."[188]
684 Today infidelity, or suspicion of it, are also severely punished. Beatings are frequent; one old lady still carefully conceals her mutilated face behind her shawl; and Big Head, recently released from prison, killed his wife because rumors of her misconduct had reached him during his confinement.[189]

593 Absence from home is perhaps the greatest threat to a man's marital peace.
937 His present fears echo attitudes of the past, grounded in an economy that made more or less long separations between husband and wife inevitable. The small raiding or hunting parties, which might include the husband, left plenty of men available for romance. Today, although life is more sedentary, dwellings are isolated. A few hours in the field, a trip to town, are enough to kindle the flame. But it is the jail sentence, that frequent experience, which most nearly approximates the extended absences of a former time. Legal protection from a surprise return adds to the safety of wifely adventure; it also intensifies the fears of the ever-suspicious husband.

593 Some few women are notoriously jealous of their husbands, but primarily
152 it is the men who exhibit the greatest sexual insecurity. A man who shows
578 no jealousy is considered brave; yet a young mother eager to see her son of
[577] six become a good fighter will proudly encourage him when he shakes his
[865] fist in fury at an old medicine man whom he considers his "rival." From earliest babyhood, a child is exposed to the violent quarrels of his parents. He hears his mother's virtue assailed; he sees his father beat her for misbehavior. Against such a background and such conditioning, traditionally
[181] desirable attitudes are achieved with difficulty. In this society, jealousy has become obsessional; even chiefs find it difficult to act within the prescribed pattern, and serious lapses are not unknown.

593 Few men trust their wives. A seemingly contented husband of twenty
578 years will, at the first sign of anger, hurl accusations of infidelity at his
152 mate. One husband refuses to permit his wife to remove her shawl in her own
831 house for fear she will succumb to the casual advances of some passerby. Another will suspect his wife of indiscretions while he is busy not one hundred yards away; still another will insist that his wife ride a horse at his side
[575] (an unwomanly occupation) so he can keep her within sight. Some will refuse to enter the Horn Society, because they feel unable to suppress their jealousy, as they are expected to do during their term of membership. A man will quickly, and often with little reason, accuse a brother of being his
[572] wife's lover. "You may joke," they say, "with your *taka*'s wife, but if you

[187] Maximilian, *Travels*, p. 253.
[188] *Idem.*
[189] Letter to Harry D. Biele in September, 1939.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

joke with your brother's, it means you are in earnest." The only Blood confined to the insane asylum, whose case was not complicated by physical causes, attempted to murder his wife because he believed she was having intercourse with a ghost. Many a husband, approaching his end, threatens his mate with death, for only when she accompanies him on his final journey can he be sure that in the next world he alone will possess her.

Husbands, who need proof of good behavior and who can afford to pay for it, may insist that their wives "vow the tongues"[190] or put up the Sun Lodge, for only those who are chaste before and faithful after marriage can do so with impunity. Sometimes, however, the pressure may be so great, that a woman must take a chance. Urged by her husband who remained unconvinced concerning her virginity at marriage, Weasel Girl distributed the tongues at the Sun Dance. Her husband's uncle, noting that she failed to mention the names of any men she had rebuffed, suspected her avowal, and threw his piece of meat to a dog at his side. Later that evening, this dog was shot while making off with a chicken. His alertness and caution had saved him, the uncle was certain, from a sure and untimely death. That Weasel Girl, herself, only lived three years longer was further evidence that she had lied.

Suspicion is not always without cause, as it may well have been in this instance. The most casual encounter, the social dances in the dance hall, even the Sun Dance, offer innumerable opportunities for illicit adventures, and these are not missed. Many a husband has found his wife with her lover. But so obsessed are they by their suspicions, that every possibility of adultery immediately becomes a fact.

Informal wife-lending among the Blood is inconceivable whether to a casual friend[191] or a life-long "*taka*." Yet this act which cannot be tolerated in daily living, is ritually sanctioned when the sorcery roots are purchased by members in the Horn Society.[192] At this time, the wife of the buyer deposits her clothes in her husband's lap. Protected by a buffalo robe, she is taken to the tipi of the seller and ceremonially painted. She then "goes

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[190] Wissler, *Blackfoot Sun Dance*, p. 234 ff.

[191] Henry in his Journal (vol. 2, p. 526) states that the Blackfoot were a "nuisance in offering women." Wissler (*Social Life*, p. 10) observes that he believes these women were captives.

[192] Among the neighboring Cree the opposite situation existed. They practised informal wife exchange. D. G. Mandelbaum (*The Plains Cree*, p. 246) writes: "This relationship reflected considerable honor upon the participants, for only the most stout-hearted men could become intimate companions of their wives' paramours." But in a ceremony called Sitting Up Until Morning (*ibid.*, p. 228) although the "warriors of one society issued invitations to the wives or daughters of the members of other societies" and "at dawn, the men washed and painted the women's faces,

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

602 tate to enter a household where she is considered a "distant wife." In most
855 instances, an aunt who has weathered the domestic storms of the early
[593] years of marriage, or a grandmother or great-aunt are the preferred relatives.
597 Adoption brings renewed hope of security to those children who have
[736] been orphaned or deserted, for the society deals none too kindly with these unfortunate ones. Frequently, they become slaveys in the families that take them in. Rarely, if ever, do they have an opportunity to make a "good" marriage. Once adopted, however, their status is immediately improved. They take their chances with the rest of the children. Some, like the youngest son of the old chief, Red Crow, may even be made an honored favorite. All expect to share in the family wealth.

Primarily, however, adoption serves the advantage of the older generation. A childless pair may take as their own the child of a fecund couple in the hope that then their union will be similarly blessed; or, having lost a loved one in death, the sad parents may feel that their only consolation
[737] lies in substitution. But to the question, "Why do you adopt children?" a Blood will most often answer, "We adopt children so someone will take care of us in our old age." And so important is this old age insurance that a poor child will be sought in preference to one with property: "If a child
[181] has property, he will leave us when he grows up." In this competitive society, the old have little confidence that the man of property will share it with them, even if he is an adopted son.[196]

872 The child, who probably never felt too secure at home, is now separated
[593] from his parents when he is six or eight and placed in one of the two sectarian boarding schools on the reservation. If his home is nearby, he may have visitors but most of the children, at least in the winter months, have little if any contact with their relatives. Some remain at school the year
[178] round. For all, however, it is a partial break with Blood tradition and culture.

872 Ironically enough, in this increasingly individualistic society, it is these
155 boarding schools that offer the most extended experience in joint living and
182 cooperation. Among other things, they have encouraged the girls to take *taka*. But their general emphasis is so contrary and their strict authoritarianism so foreign to the normal patterns of Blood life that their socializing
[572] influence is negligible. To a few children they have been havens from abuse or family discord, but even those who have benefited most from prolonged schooling (because they were poor or orphaned) suit their behavior in later life, not to their teachers' precepts, but to their social station.

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[171] [196] K. A. Wittfogel (*Wirtschaftsgeschichtliche Grundlagen der Entwicklung der Familienautorität*, pp. 491, 506) points out that lack of security in old age is frequent in societies where the satisfaction of basic needs depends on "physical strength" rather than on "careful thought and accumulated experience."

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

and propagated in at least one of the schools by prohibiting communication in Blackfoot. After a year the children are usually able to write simple sentences in English and by the fifth year compose simple stories. A periodical put out by the Roman Catholic school contains news of the school and specimen compositions by the children. There are also stories written in Blackfoot by one of the fathers who employs a semi-phonetic system of rendition. Unfortunately few Indians can read this material, since this system of writing Blackfoot is not taught in school. In addition to classes in religion, Christianity is taught through contact with the teachers, daily attendance at chapel, and witnessing the celebrations of feast days. The memorizing of prayers and catechism aids both English usage and religious indoctrination. Later, participation in the service as acolytes familiarizes the boys with church ritual. From the beginning children are taught the use of tooth-brushes, bathtubs, and other non-Indian paraphernalia. As they grow older, increased responsibility is given in the maintenance of the school. A boy may begin at seven with sweeping the dormitory and by seventeen be in charge of the milk cattle. Similarly, a girl may be first required to help set the table, while her older sister bakes bread in the school kitchen. These duties acquaint the young with white techniques of living which are intended for later use in reserve life.

Association with children of one's own age fits nicely into the Blackfoot pattern of age-grading. As in former times, school children call their class-mates "comrade," this term applying to both females and males. Between comrades sharing and co-operation is expected. They exchange gifts, make joint expeditions to town on Saturday, and work together in the school vegetable garden. Thus reinforced by the culture, one's class-mates usually become special associates for life. As young men, comrades play pool, gamble, seduce women, and get drunk together. Women, whose activities are circumscribed by the household, have less opportunity to continue contacts with their female comrades. We have evidence of the continuation of informal inter-age-grade rivalry and joking, but little of solidarity between alternate age-grades.

Normally school life continues until eighteen for boys. In the interest of morality school authorities see that girls are married before leaving school. Boys have usually been away from school a few years before marrying. After a maximum of eleven years in school the children have nominally completed eight grades. Actually

47: Kane R,T-3 (1848) 1925 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Horn," with a buffalo robe draped round him, and between him and Big Snake is Wah-nis-stow, "The White Buffalo," principal chief of the Sar-cee tribe. In the background stand two chiefs of inferior quality, one of them has his face painted half black, being in half-mourning for some friend. As they were expecting to have a fight with the Crees next day, they got up a medicine dance in the afternoon, and I was solemnly invited to attend, that I might add my magical powers in increasing its efficacy. Amongst all the tribes here assembled, the sacredness of the medicine pipe-stem is held in very high estimation, and it was with much solemnity that I was placed in the best position, to work my incantations; that is to say, to make the sketch No. 18.

Next morning we embarked, after having presented the chiefs with eight or ten pounds of tobacco to be distributed amongst the rest, and had not proceeded many miles, when we had to put ashore again to gratify an old Blood Indian chief, who had arrived at the camp shortly after our departure, and had galloped immediately after us, for the purpose of having a talk with Mr. Harriett, whom he had known many years before, and for whom he entertained the warmest friendship. After the talk, he stripped himself naked, excepting his breech-cloth. Mr. Harriett, not to be behindhand with him, gave him everything but his shirt and pantaloons: it was rather a losing operation for him; although the chief's leather shirt and leggings were quite new and highly ornamented, yet they were not exactly what Mr. Harriett would like to wear, so he gave them to me to add to my stock of Indian costumes. One of the Indians who had accompanied the old chief, noticing I had a new capote on, thought he would try what could

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

I went up on a hillside above the creek to look for wood I found the drum in the branches of a tree. The drum was completely undamaged, so I took it down to the encampment and gave it to Earrings. Earrings is buried in a house up there on the pine ridge, and so far as I know the drum was buried with him. 159 778

[534]

Sunday, September 9

Everybody beat me up today. I would probably be sleeping yet if I hadn't been reveilled by the ungodly sound of a dog gnawing on a bone. I thought he was outside the bedroom door, and I yanked it open with a shoe in one hand; actually, he was under the house, directly beneath my bed. So that is where the dogs go when they disappear! 122

I have seen a few moths around the house in past days, but suddenly this morning there were clouds of them—great fat things. I said to Jim, "I wonder where all those moths come from." [136]

Jim said, "Me, I wonder where all those moths come from. Goddam, I wonder where they come from. They come from someplace."

Indians are very willing to participate in any experience which appears to be of interest to a friend. If I had suddenly become concerned with the reason that the moon is yellow, Jim would have 122 157 572

122 participated with equal enthusiasm in this perplexity. Jim has a
157 way of repeating things I say—of sharing my observations and opin-
●512 ions—and he does not hesitate to share the burden of my miseries. Now that I temporarily have a bum leg, Jim's old rodeo injuries (to his leg) are bothering him; and brother Jim finds similar experiences whenever I sleep poorly, have poor appetite, etc. This is the Indian way of participating in a close friendship. The Irish are the same way.

122 Both Jim and the Chief were in high spirits this morning, kidding around like a couple of clowns. The Chief told Jim that since he is Chief around here, from now on he will take his morning coffee in bed. Jim replied that the old fellow is chief all right—"Chief by the [195] table" (an Indian metaphor for someone who eats a great deal).

At ten o'clock we drove down to "Starr School," which refers not only to the actual school building there but to the scattered residences in that area. The Pipe Dance was to be held at the home of Jim White Grass, but it wasn't scheduled to start for a while yet [123] and so we drove on into town. Jimmy checked the P.O. box for mail, and at the hotel I bought the Chief some cigars.

On the way back to Starr School, we stopped at the residence of an Indian family named Kicking-A-Woman, and there I met some of the best looking Indians I have ever seen. There were an awful lot of people wandering in and out of the house, and I still don't know who lived there and who didn't. One chap that didn't, I am sure, was a large Blackfoot man, wearing spectacles and a baseball cap, whose name was Jim Buffalo. Jim Buffalo was good-natured and voluble, and he kidded the Chief by saying that the Chief was really a Cree, not a Piegan.

Actually, according to Jim, several of those persons present really were Crees, including one extremely beautiful girl of about twenty-one. She was really a knock-out, but her fine white teeth held a toothpick, and a cigarette dangled from her delicately formed fingers, so I don't think I'll be taking her home to meet Pater.

There was a large quantity of fresh meat hanging from the drying poles in the house, and it turned out that someone had just killed a large elk over by Kiowa Camp. As we were leaving, the host gave the Chief a chunk of elk meat.

122 All the way back to Starr School, Jimmy hummed Indian songs.
533 Like most outsiders, I had always associated Indian singing with rituals—religious ceremonies, war dances, etc.—and it still is difficult for me to accept the fact that Indians sing for fun too. The Indian way of humming is merely to devoice the vowels—to sort of whisper

made a speech to the weeping relatives, saying—"Why do you lament and cry?—see, I do not cry: he is gone into the other country, and we cannot awaken him; but, at least, two Blood Indians must accompany him and wait upon him there." An infant, and a boy, the brother of the deceased, died on the same night; and the Indians said that the murdered brother had called the others away. [*In his field journal Maximilian identifies the dead infant as a child of David Mitchell, the issue of a liaison with an Indian woman. The infant was buried in the same grave with the murdered Blackfoot and his dead brother.*]

Thus we had three dead bodies in the fort. As that of the Indian had long been exposed to the air and the sun, it was necessary to make haste to get it out of the way; and Berger, the interpreter, had the disagreeable office of painting, putting on its best clothes, and ornamenting it in the Indian fashion. The two Indians were laid in the same grave, wrapped in a red blanket and buffalo skin, over which was laid a piece of coloured stuff, given by Mr. Mitchell. The bottom and sides of the grave were lined with boards; the body, too, was covered with wood; his bridle, whip, and some other trifles were thrown in, and the grave filled up.

AUGUST 18, 1833

Ninoch-Kiaiu now continually talked of going to a little camp of the Blood Indians, on the other side of the river, to take vengeance. His brother, who likewise made a great noise, walked about the fort with a loaded pistol, and, at last, begged Mr. Mitchell to have him conveyed over the river, because it was thought that two Blood Indians had been seen, whom he wanted to shoot; to which Mr. Mitchell very calmly replied, that "if he intended to kill any body, he would not assist him." With an expression of violent passion, the Indian, on this, mounted his horse and galloped away, "in order," as the chief said, "to quiet his heart for the present, by the death of a Blood, as they might, at some future time, shoot the real murderer." The chief's aged uncle, Natoie-Poochsen (the word of life), was one of the principal mourners. He had cut off his hair, and besmeared it, as well as his feet and legs, with whitish clay. Mr. Bodmer made a good portrait of him in this dress. [*For this likeness, see page 138.*] He went about howling and crying, while the Bear Chief thought only of procuring brandy. He had in his hand a little mustard-glass filled

A, [See Category 765, p 138 - Plate 81]

[p.106-A]

with this precious liquor; and one of his friends, who also possessed some brandy, sipped a small quanity, and, embracing the chief, discharged it into his mouth, which is considered, among the Blackfeet, as the highest possible proof of friendship. 273 572

August 19, 1833

The *engagés* of the Company were now employed in packing up the skins obtained by barter from the Indians, for which purpose there is a particular machine. It consists of a frame of laths, which mark the size of the packages, and in which the skins are laid. In putting up small, light furs, a couple of planks are passed through the frame-work, on each end of which a man stands to press the skins together, and then to cord them. The buffalo hides, which are much thicker, are pressed together by means of a thick beam; in this operation six or eight men are required. Others of our people were engaged in sawing plank, burning charcoal, and the like; they had, however, much leisure time, which they spent in various amusements. They fired at a mark with their rifles, at which Papin and Morrin were very expert. 000

August 20, 1833

In the evening we generally had an interesting sight, when the great number of horses belonging to the fort returned from the hills. Eight armed men rode behind and at the sides, and as many Indians, who, for the sake of safety, had joined with their horses. The whole body was very numerous, and presented a striking appearance when, in a cloud of dust, they galloped down the hills with a thundering noise, and entered the fort.

August 21, 1833

In order to obtain a handsome, large mountain sheep, Mr. Mitchell gave me the services of Papin, with whom my own hunter, Dreidoppel, joined to make an excursion. Papin went very unwillingly, though, for the sake of security, a Blackfoot was sent with them. He affirmed that he would not undertake this dangerous enterprise for 100 dollars, if he had not bound himself to the Company. They made arrangements to stay out a couple of nights, and took a pack-